

BEGIN

five

the messy critter

spend no 1 \$

greg, muffie, krissey, denmis, jeanine, jenine, amy,
lan, melody, christina, kristin, mom-rah, ericka,
ruby, tim, jen, susan, joyce, jet-pack grama, wolfe,
bianca, cecil, miel, maria, grace, seth, lori, kirster
the schnauzers, maralie, stacy, danny, sara, cap'n,
sarah, ocean, anna, kris, lisa, shari, molly, teresa,
elissa, lauren, ed, colette, alisha, nicole, robin,
lindsey, erik, barbie, jakub, david, kristy, christi,
ne, kate, mengshin, joanne, kat, jinna, gretchen, le,
amanda, michele, blue lela, neil, tyler, justin,
ryan, nicole, esther, kelli, brock, megan, me, & you,

—I need to say this even though it's so obvious.

I have to keep going. I have to stop myself from stopping myself. There are times (they seem so big) when all I want to do is tear up everything I've written (voice). I think that I don't matter. But I need to keep going (speaking) because if I don't I'll stop and then my whole life would STOP, for a while, until I figured out how to start it again.

and stopping means insatiable drowning boredom dullness, and I'm so afraid of boredom, I don't want to fall into that little box.

I'm too big, too big, I'm bigger than all of the time I doubt myself, ALL OF THEM TOGETHER. I have to keep going.

there are times and things that I haven't lived yet, and yeah I'm waiting for them. I'm only 19, I don't want to get caught up thinking that I know everything already.

please, don't ever shut down, any of you.



coming home to paper flowers

I have nothing up on my walls except for a bouquet of paper flowers that my friends gave me last year. nothing else. (and I just put that bouquet up today.) me, the girl who couldn't SEE her walls for seven years. I've had so many pictures up that it was impossible not to feel watched in my room. I don't remember what of specific I; or if the pictures had a purpose, but they've always been there, faces and places, staring at me. yelling. images like voices. when I was twelve I started glueing stuff to the walls. instead of ripping them off, I'd just paste more and more stuff over them. layers of faces of people and time on my walls. it's not like I didn't like the way my room was before—I mean, I've always had the option of changing it. I could stand it if every once in a while I would cover some pictures. more and more. then I went away. for the first time in my life. I have never **not** lived here, in this house.

when I left, I left even California. I don't know if this was a conscious choice or what but being away from my hole-like room and from my dad, away from all the problems that our family has, my tolerance level has

changed a little. my defense mechanisms have malfunctioned. my hair stopped growing so fast and hell i've even gotten taller. my diet has even changed. so what was the first thing i did when i came home for the holidays? i tore my room apart painted it blue and then put it back together differently. i'm ready to talk now, people and places have changed and i am changing and i'll always have new stuff to say. but this time there's nothing covered up



i know this and still everything seems so final, so intense like my life's meaning is based upon not going back to that particular school-like maybe it is, and i just can't shake that feeling. i hope i made the right decision. i hope. i'll just keep repeating that to myself during the next few months. the repetition will become so familiar to me that it'll form a beat, the words 'i hope' will slide out under my tongue almost as easily as the dotted yellow lines that zoom behind the car, always reminding me that i'm constantly going forward and this never really stops.



"she tells me that the best way to live in the world is to learn to make things grow."

-bell hooks

may 6/

doing/listening/seeing certain things always triggers my memories of certain people. last night i walked into susan and joyce's room, and susan was blasting van morrison and swaying her shoulders.

she told me she'd just listen to this music over and over during the drive the next day, and that's how she'd get home.

it was the last day of school and all of us were feeling a little weird. for me, this past month, everything has been magnified ten times in feeling because i'm not coming back to that dorm, that school, that city, that state ever again for the same reasons.

so i guess i've been trying to sort out everything with importance from all the other stuff but this just regular life if i wait for clues they never come to me outright--

this is the beginning. this issue has been laid out left handed because i'm left handed. i feel like ned flanders from the simpsons show, with all this left handed paraphernalia.

it took me ten months to do this. most of this zine was written while i was in kansas city going to school but some of it was written in ventura, portland and lawrence.

the 'w' key on this typewriter sticks, but any other typo in here is purely my fault, and i've stopped trying to proof read this thing. granted, the tensions in the piece on my trip to oregon are messed up, but i don't care! i didn't write it for its grammar.

two things about my writings that should be more seriously addressed: 1) i didn't know how to end some stuff, so sometimes i just didn't. (the ending to the article about my grama and my roommate has a cruddy ending, but it works. sometimes clichés are very apt.) some articles run into each other-i write about stuff that's on my mind, and sometimes some things don't leave for a while.

2) metaphors follow me. even this zine title is a metaphor for the way i live (eat=refers to intake, messy=a lil bit

of many things, some more than others, mixed up and digested in my brain. all new ideas and thought are sparks off of old ones. all action is reaction, etc.).

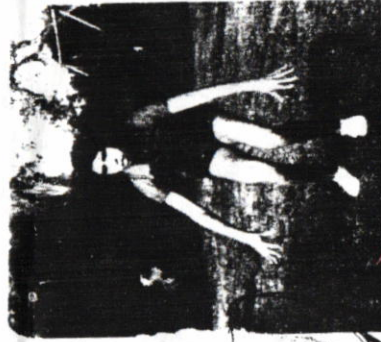
sometimes i hide behind metaphors. sometimes i get lost in them and its hard to re-explain my way out again. like when i wrote about my internalized white arrogance... some people reading

it might not have any clue to the point of that article because i took the metaphor so far. but i know what i meant, and hopefully i'll be able to write more clearly about it in another zine.

reminded
them
of

CONT'D →

i write letters sitting up in bed-pillows serve as puffy desktops



8

3-14 Dig and Roll. The digger herself to hit the ball and then a standing position. (Gary

mandibular



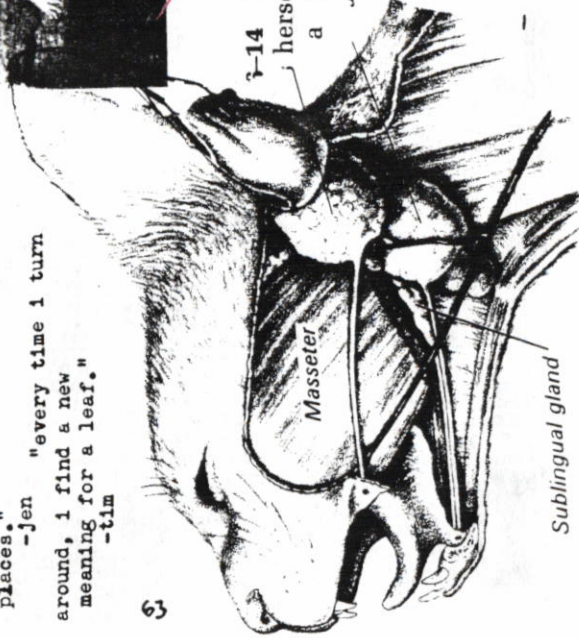
"summer is a good time for reeking shoes."
-cap'n

"i think my goal in life is to make as much noise as i possibly can when i walk."
-susan

"the backs of drawers are the scariest places."
-jen

"every time i turn around, i find a new meaning for a leaf."
-tim

63



Sublingual gland

Ernie Pooks Comeek

by Lynda Barry



a book I forgot to mention in my list (gasps! and everyone who likes reading personal zines should fucking read this) "a girl's guide to taking over the world, writings from the girl zine revolution," edited by karen green and tristan taormino. fucking awesome. articles on motherhood, race, class, sexuality, subways, more.

two things I need to add to my "list of things that make me happy:"

- #1: vegan chocolate chip cookies. ask amy.
- #2: last week I got an email from my mom telling me that she went to the annual gay and lesbian dinner in ventura, and they were having a raffle. my mom bid on and won a lifesize xena warrior princess picture, and she put it in my room for me. I don't even watch much television anymore, but that's hilarious! and the fact that my mom went to a queer event... my mom is great.

by the way, I do a zine distro called red means go. the catalogue is \$1 or 3 stamps, and if you want to be included (it's small, yet), send a sample copy. records/teeshirts/etc too.



if you want to distro this, you rock!
write me and i'll send you a flat. whole-
sale copies are \$0.50. if you review
this in your zine (you rock too!), please
mention that a copy costs \$1.00 and 2
stamps, or an equal trade. try to glue
your stamps. apologies (especially to
ericka and kelli) for some of the writing
being so tiny. that's it. thank YOU.
elka 148 via baja, ventura, ca 93003
usa (my parents' all mail will be
forwarded.)
kirsten nordine: where are you, girl?
i miss you and hope you're okay...



i just talked to my friend and told her about
the article i was trying to finish for my zine
about being fat. i said that i've been re-writ-
ing the whole article because i lost the other
draft when i moved. i said that it has been
pretty hard to do because i haven't really
given much thought to my weight since maybe
january.

she said that it's great-that i haven't thought
much about my body.

i said...no, it's not. it's like i'm totally
detached from everything having to do with my
body. (dressing, eating, and bathing are things
i do on autopilot.)

she said...yeah, but before i stopped, i'd only
think negative things about my weight, so at
least thinking nothing is better than thinking
negative, right?

i said yeah, i guess so.

so this is the Zombie Stage? i wish it would
hurry on up and be over with already. i want to
know what food tastes like, what kissing feels
like.

seems like i can't end this article because
it isn't really over.

obesity itself, you come up with issues in
valuing culture and society—not health.”
Not health? When doctors and scientists
for years have targeted overweight as a risk
factor for heart disease, diabetes, and can-
cer? When C. Everett Koop, former U.S.
surgeon general, has blamed what he calls
a “great crusade” to fight obesity, which he
blames for more preventable deaths than
anything except smoking? But according to
an increasing number of authorities, much
of the longstanding gospel about fat is due
to the fear of a health crisis.
For revision. Many experts now question
whether obesity really is a death sentence,
whether weight loss really does contribute
to longevity, even “all the studies just don’t
measure up.”
Rendell Andrus, clinical de-
rector of the National Institute on Aging,
whose work has shown that adults who fat-
ten up at 60 live longer than those
who lose weight. “Either obesity is the
greatest health hazard of the developed
world, or else your weight doesn’t matter
too much. Provided you’re not too lean or
fatly obese.”

are ashamed and hate
ourselves and people
like us--we've been
conditioned to.



A SOCIAL PROBLEM

Excess pounds detract from good looks,
undermine self-confidence, and reduce effi-
ciency. Fat people often have emotional
problems.

in
ast
this way. now i collect pennies on-
to my windowsill: placed flat and
in rowlike patterns, for the wind
and the sky. maybe to remind
them that My silence is not so
silent.

i write poems and letters
in my head and sometimes
they come out, but usually
they never do. i can feel
them, stored up. and then
they travel through my pla-
ma to the ends of my body that
get coldest the fastest, when i
sit outside at night read-
ing, they leave with the
wind.

i write them as i
walk through the ha-
llway and down stair-
s. i used to drop p-
ennies for people to
see as they walked
the stairwell. At le-
i can touch others

in the 80's, my dad had a jacuzzi (some people call them spas, i guess.) i never really used it until the summer before my sophomore year in high school. the house next door was vacant because the cintannis moved out even though nobody bought it. the cintannis were really strange people, and i knew for a fact that their 9 year old daughter dana spied on us, so i didn't really go outside in our yard much before they left, except to water the lawn (and inadvertently my feet and the same time)

that summer i'd stay up until three or four every night and watch parts of mst3k on comedy central, spiderman cartoons on tnt, or old black and white movies on the classics channel. i missed mid-mornings and early afternoons entirely. i'd be asleep.

that summer i started writing a lot of letters and taking strange photographs of everything i saw. i completely thrashed two walkmans by overuse and accidentally dropping them. my hair was red. i cried constantly.

that summer i was alone a lot, except for the roadtrip to santa cruz so evelyn could visit theUC. we took pictures in a photobooth by the oceanside where 'the lost boys' was filmed. i was wearing my sub pop shirt in the pictures. i bought it because i really liked nirvana and hazel. i remember seeing fliers on electric poles and stop signs for a bikini kill show. evelyn said she hated bikini kill and i didn't push it because this was her trip.

that summer my parents left me pretty much alone. i don't remember many big fights with my dad, except for the one where he shook me really hard and pushed me up against a wall and i got whiplash.

that summer i had another really big panic attack, but it happened slow and underwater, not like when i was nine.

my biggest memory is of the twilight. sometimes i'd take my radio with me, but usually it was just me in that jacuzzi. hot bubbling water and night sounds. i'd just sit there and soak, watching the sun leave and the stars grow brighter right in front of me.

It will hate eating in
front of people, hate
running and feeling
everything jiggle.

The more i live, the
smaller this part of me
gets.

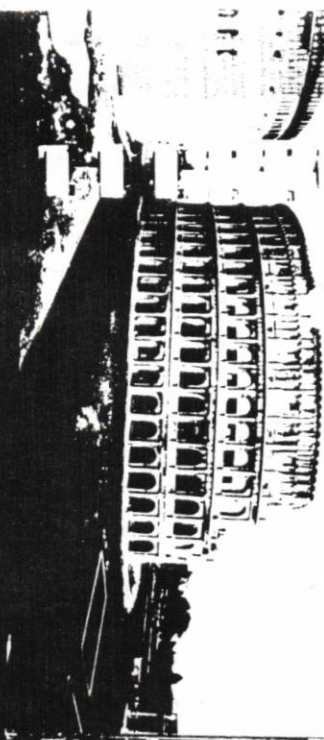
It will never disappear.
There are millions
of people who have
gotten up fat: their
stories are only slightly
happier or sadder
than mine.
And most of us



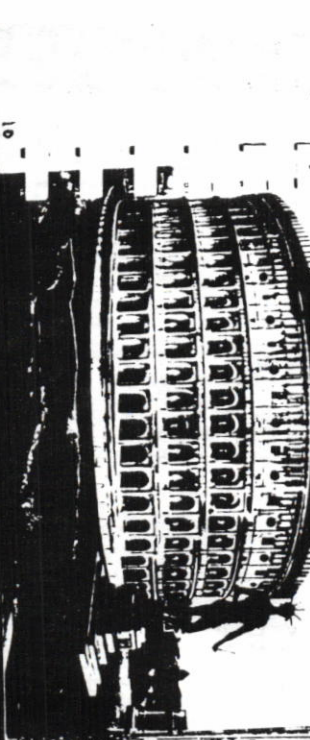
lazy, pathetic. I was
 in turn raised to believe
 that I AM STUPID,
 LAZY, PATHETIC. let's
 not forget FAT. The
 ultimate sin. "I'll never
 have any men after me,
 if I don't look beautiful!"
 Therefore I'M NOT
BEAUTIFUL.
 Will someone please
 show me how to re-learn
 this? There will always
 be this part of me that
 will hate my BODY.



that hell have to work with,
that we are, and should be proud of:



What! They expect **us** to strive to
become):



My dad's exact
reaction was, "Rea-
lly? That's good.
Somebody actually
thinks elka is
attractive."

I grew up with this,
EVERY DAY OF MY LIFE.
I have grown up para-
noid, super-sensitive,
scared. Do I actually
think I am attractive?
No. I was raised to
believe that people
like me are stupid,

weight for me.

I am fat. I have grown up chubby. My weight fluctuates with my moods.

When I was young, my nickname was "lard ass" for about five years, until mom finally told dad to quit calling me that.

I have been yelled at, kicked out, sent to sports and weight camps, played on every team imaginable, ignored, shunned, because of my weight. And more.

At Christmas day '97 dinner, my drunk uncle Tony grabbed my ass.

dad,

I don't want to be bitches, ter about it or you anymore.. but, each it's really hard for me not to bench because whenever you talk to me he an i am immediately put on the defensive side. and you are too-everything on t you say to me is edgy-it's just hard for me not to take offense. when on be i was little i'd just start crying and slam my door and talk to you kidne in my head. because whenever we'd op interact, your voice was always the dominant one and i always ended up shouting or screaming, just so i ssel a could hear mine.. and now i'm afr'eceiv aid because i'm going to be living na with you again for a year while i min build up money and transfer credit and i know it's going to be tense lot and i know that if i let a few im-finit perative things about me slip out, i could be in serious danger from you. There are so many things i want to say to you, but you won't co ever hear them. when i try to tal to you, you automatically reduce eve me to a repugnant, bantering little snot of a girl. we frustrate each other so much. i don't want reper-

-cussions when I
come home ("home")
in may. I don't
want to go through
it again, I don't
want it to get
worse.

elka

I wish I
would know
what to say.
Well, I know
what to say.
ooo I wish I'd
know how to
say it.

Legend

I'm doing a compilation zine on gender and sexuality... tentatively called science fiction. I'm asking for contributions. stories, clip art, photographs, poems, drawings, interviews, anything. but what I don't want is a paragraph saying "See, ain't society fucked." back up your opinions with personal experience or thought. contributions can be as long or as many as you feel like giving me. the format to the zine will be half-sized, and if you'd like to layout your page(s), do so. I'm hoping to get this published by the end of winter 1998, so please keep that in mind.

I'd really like for this to be the best that it can be- thank you for helping out. if you have ideas for topics to discuss, definitely write to me. right now I'm thinking about interviews: queer bands, queer parents, etc. some articles I'd like to see discussed are childhood (and present day) recollections of really cool gender neutral/genderfucked/gender-bending toys, parents, friends; articles about exploring sexuality (coming out stories, going back in stories, identity, and the like. I'd be really interesting to hear a straight-identified person's account on this, or bisexual-identified person's, or an asexual-identified person's... also: the issues of race and class have an immediate impact on personal sexuality-how do they impact YOU? what are your surroundings like? do you have a community?, etc. since this is such a broad topic, I'm looking forward to all sorts of feedback. if you'd like to be interviewed or want to conduct an interview or have some good book/zine/etc recommendations or whatever, WRITE! reprints from your zine or paper are accepted happily. too. just please participate in some way if you can.

my address is: elka, 148 via ba's,

ventura, ca 93003 u.s.

email: elkatrs@hotmail.com

please reprint this ad, or spread the word.



50 Y

ONE

HOPE

LITTLE THING

learned a lot about anna and some of my own viewpoints. Just buy it and see for yourself. \$1 & 1 stamp.

hope melissa nelsonbard college/annandale ny. 12504. a big focus on zines, with a call for help on a compilation zine about zines (enclosed is a questionnaire. write to elissa and help her out.). eloquent writing as always. dad, love, more, the next hope will be a split with y.m.a.w.l.. (these are two of my most favorite zines) so write and set it already. \$1 & 1 stamp.

the bakery christinae421 central ave/sf ca 94117. lord, is this zine good. conversational and honest and informative. cherrie moraga, genderfuck, drugs, work, seattle, growing up, menstrual product

review of the keeper, race & sexual orientation, being not-so-obvious & asian, more, the best use of vernacular ever! she writes how she probably talks." elissa. \$1 2 stamps. **shades** theco witself 1010 soot street, little rock, ar 72201. a little zine about veganism, health and ecology. with really good recipes included. theco also does the massive **tree of knowledge** mailorder. send three stamps for a big catalogue.

ring of fire this is 'old' and i usually don't read zines that are more than six months old, but polled. always were kinda stupid anyways. i love this zine. a zine about queer sex. genderfuck & the advancement of amateurs everywhere. billary writes about losing both legs below the knee trainjumping! dealing with it. freakouts, more, and a lot of smutty fun stuff. i mail polish, want ads, gender & sexual identity. \$1/st

inspiration point marinette, wt 54143. a compilation zine about what inspires people. lots of contributions, and hey! i'm in here too. \$2 & stamps/trade! THAT'S IT! reviewing zines is stinky hard work! ordering them is not. so do it. all zines are ugs zines except lori donna's, by the way.

other amazin' people * the messy eater and many other fine zines are distributed by **PANDER**, run by my friend ericka. send \$1 & a 55¢ stamp for a catalogue.

whitney has taken over the humongous riot girl press. a new catalogue just came out in april. send two stamps. 54

PART ME

is very shy, scared.

i wonder about you in the nights when my hands get chapped and sore from studio work all day, and i'm left to examine their flaking skin, it reminds me of something wanting to get out (of my hands).. sideways out of the back of my mind there's a girl who knows just what she wants to do with her free time in the mornings. and she's looking through my eyes for you; she's searching with my fingertips days pass by i don't know why;



A collection of papers
 Lori and Emma #12-2620 hemlock/
 Vancouver, bc vch 275. saahimay-
 be I was wrong! maybe THIS zine is the epitome of
 aesthetically pleasing packaging, tied with tyger voy-
 age. maybe you can tell these girls are artists, they
 make pictures tell more words than I could ever hear.
 body images, flash and bone, mental stability, more.
 poetic writing, hides in the corners of their pictures,
 personalised with prints & envelopes, two dollars
 too hot for school
 20171. a day in the life, the layout
 is made up of pictures to illustrate her story.
 costia couple of stamps?

me and my dums
 good, personal letter in the mail... like getting a really
 f.a.g. home schooling, poetry, more. \$1.25/st./rad. ruby
 has like three compilations going, write her. I'm gol-
 ing to be in the short story one & the self-mutilation
 one. then she dated alcole #57 warren ave./hamil-
 ton, ont. 19a 367 canada. damn. telephones, long distance
 seasons, love, snippets of stories and memories, the wr-
 iting reminds me of the wildfulness of tyger voyage
 but with a decidedly nicole twist. \$1 or trade?
 thumbric mast #2418 ne oregon st/portland, or 97232

humbric
 I'm not usually too into music zines, but this
 one is good. the layout is great, the interviews are
 sincere. (seadark, doug searin, built to spill, trans am
 and fuck). Plus this mom does some reviews. \$2.00
 looks yellow, tastes red
 eastham, ma 02642. when she
 writes, collette writes wonderfully-like her piece on
 her life now that she's moved, or about dropping out...
 but the "non-article" stuff is good too-wacky teen
 trauma ("...so not to look uncool, i...hid the half-
 smoked cigar under a bed. then the house burned down
 and my boyfriend dumped me!"), a chart of ridiculous
 language used in teen magazines, more. \$1.25/st./trade

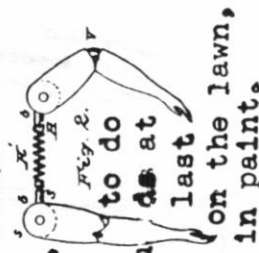
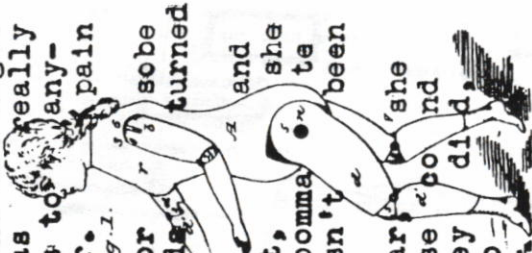
southern fine writing
 when I get really un-
 are short summaries, HCRFIXED, but that doesn't mean
 that they aren't fucking awesome zines!) EXTREMELY good
 writing, moving, sender identity, being Jewish, MORE, trade
 what girl valley, ca 92108. melody writes like her
 melody request: 6798 maple st./fountain 52

it's a lot about. what people choose to
 block out. this girl down the hall
 drinks too much, all the Dolls time by
 herself. she No. 214,830. Patented April 29, 1879.
 slashed her arms and legs, and one night
 a few weeks ago when she was really
 drunk, she'd show the scars to any-
 body that would talk to her.

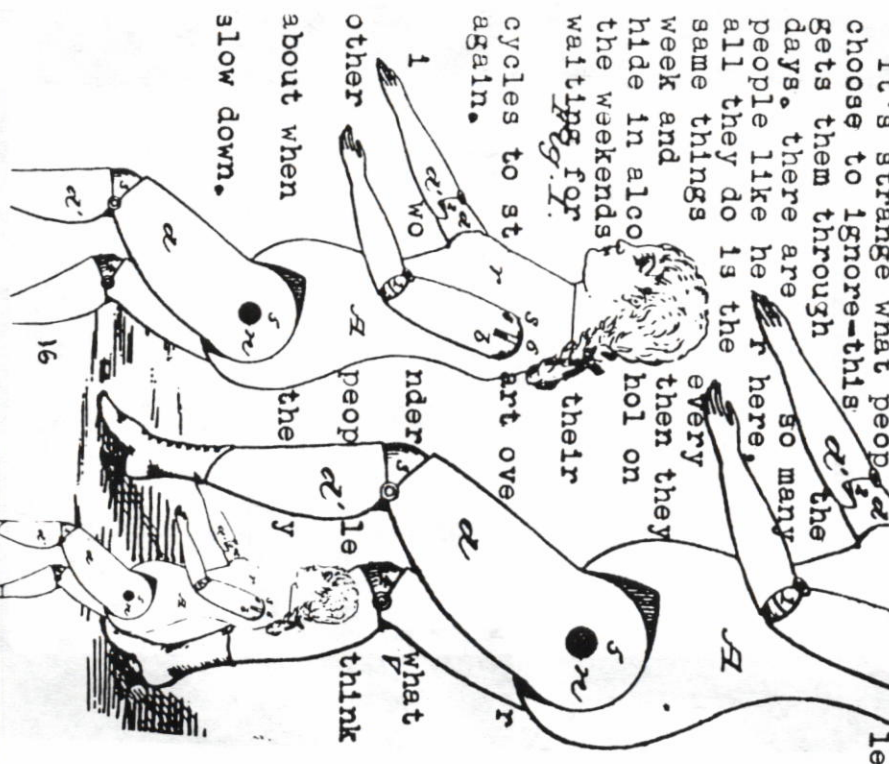
circles her, and anybody around her, anytime, drunk or
 r, they feel it. her friends turned
 her in to the V.P. of
 student affairs at school, and
 when they told her about it, she
 kept fuming over her old roommate
 and the shit that still hasn't been
 taken out of her room.

it's like she didn't hear, she
 only paused talking for a second
 when they told her what they did.
 and then went right back to
 being angry over her
 roommate.

I talk to her sometimes,
 she tells me that she's
 figured out what she wants
 with her life now, draw clouds at
 night. I passed witness her
 night, sitting down last
 fingers covered in paint.



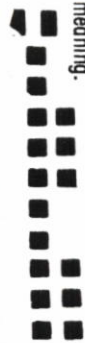
she said that the clouds were moving too fast, but i could hear calmness in her voice. it's strange what people choose to ignore-thats gets them through the days. there are people like her here, all they do is the same things week and hide in also the weekends waiting for cycles to start over again.



(book dist. continued)

Love For

Sale: text & pictures of barbra kruger, with words by kate linker. looking at art books is great for those of us who aren't directly connected to the "art world," these books will show you images so strong that your eyes may hurt from meaning.



Zines

(not reviewed in any particular order.)

bloody since birth robins2467 red banks rd, byallia,ms 38611. emotions,

feminism, bunk christian punk, riot grrrl in mass media, more. very open and conversational with a good sense of humor. robin also does the minizines 'everything's what started' defined in black and white, a series on going to a racist letter, to a protest at a kkk rally, amazing. order all of it for \$1 & stamps. robin also is starting a distro with riot grrrl Memphis (does this girl ever sleep?) called snacks/pants/tinfoil stars. write for information. (by the way: you can order messy eater back issues here.)

tyger vogue molly kalkstein630 e. 24th st/bklyn, fully packaged always! tyger vogue is the epitome of aesthetically pleasing zines. your heart as well as your eyes will love this too; i suggest you get all of the issues molly still has available- the writing is as dreamy as a pop song; passed and rhythmic too. **getting out my shit** or. 97207. another one who does a distro called mucus malorder. she has fang-power. anyway. getting out my shit. small but packed. about moving, changing lives, (her own) excerpts from papers, wishes, wants, hopes, desired. it's not a 'sad' zine but it made me cry a little- i guess because i could really understand. mel writes like this- you can't help but understand. she also did a travel zine 'zips' it up about her first tour with what'sherface/ amazing. i don't know how much it costs, just send a dollar and a ton of stamps for everything- you'll be glad you did.

getting out my shit or. 97207. another one who does a distro called mucus malorder. she has fang-power. anyway. getting out my shit. small but packed. about moving, changing lives, (her own) excerpts from papers, wishes, wants, hopes, desired. it's not a 'sad' zine but it made me cry a little- i guess because i could really understand. mel writes like this- you can't help but understand. she also did a travel zine 'zips' it up about her first tour with what'sherface/ amazing. i don't know how much it costs, just send a dollar and a ton of stamps for everything- you'll be glad you did.

one of the rubber vines a small, old sheet, covered them that would cut the pains in years.

...and I am thinking
...to make it a living in the
...and, getting something to do. I

...the ... of the ...

[illegible][illegible]

known by calling about what swims in the water. The birds are now much better than they were a few days ago. The birds are now much better than they were a few days ago.

manatees are almost extinct now, no longer swimming in the bay.

you are almost excited to hear how I am handling the work. I think you're

and some awesome waltzes
rebecca brown "what keeps me here" is her latest collection of short stories

she could be stepping in if he wrote concise and daringly, and if he was a lesbian. I'm not one for horror and her stories don't really seem like horror to me at all (then again I don't read anything vaguely horror besides this), but some of them are gruesome yep beautiful.

Bell Hooks duh, a plethora of books that bell hooks has

er race, her class, her gender, her life. essays, poems and memoirs ("bone black" -her girlfriend memories: written like memories- snippets here and there that fade in and out of detail and reality.)

Dorothy Allison | read "bastard out of carolina" when i was in seventh

grade. The saddest book I've ever read, she has a new book out now, *Coverdeller*, "that isn't as sad as *'Bastard'* yet still is very sad, but also has a glint of hope to it."

joyce carol oates
"loafing": this was written in such a stream-of-conscious
manner, as if the narrator (maddy) wanted

to tell her story as fast as possible before she finally gets it out of its hiding place about a girl growing in 1950s: they steal a car and kidnap a millionaire and promote sisterhood, all with orange covers and swishy

maya angelou i've read every book in

her autobiography set except

for the last one, and all of her poetry, this woman is strong.

audre lorde her poetry is like dreamscapes to me.

erika lopez Flaming iguanas, "a story about a cross country trip on a motorcycle through crazy people and sexually encounters, surrounded with humour and really nice illustrations."

franko'hara
oh drama. this man can take the every day and turn it into an epiphany like (sings) there was a symptom from the

beat/bobbeɪn ɜ: he died in a car

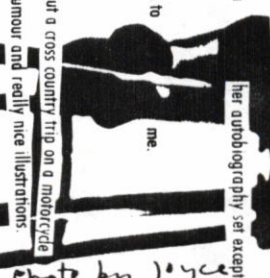
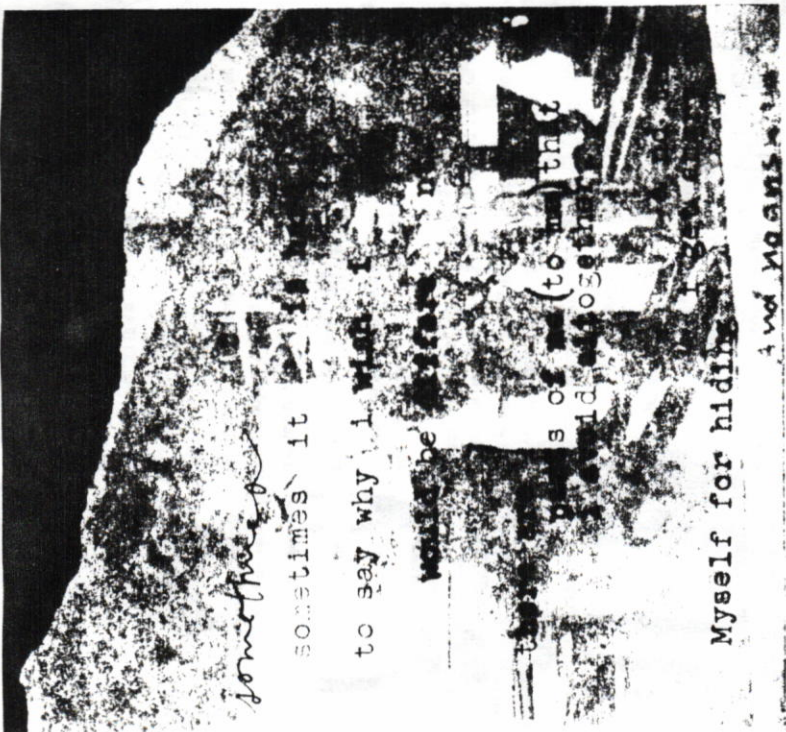


photo by Joyce



some of the

sometimes it

to say why I wish

would be

s of me (to me) that
could do together

Myself for hiding

two means

When it is I wish

ke me hide

ly like you and immediately thinking I
understand you, I remember reminding
you. You and your cultures are slipping
out from under my hands, my manageable
convenient parts which if your lives have
slid down towards a not "mine" any-
more, because my right idea of being your
savior fell short, as I grew up, I
learn that ~~there's~~ nothing and
nobody can be summed up in a paragraph
in a book or tour, and this is painful.
I realize that my knowledge about every-
body and everything that isn't directly
related to my personal life is half-ass-
ed and short-lived. As I grew up, I
catch myself making generalizations ab-
out different races and cultures and
sometimes, wanting to box it all up
so I can understand more.

I'm learning to not be such a touri-
st, to not put everyone and thing on
display. I'm stopping gawking and startin
g. Over? I'm starting something.



1 found this on some desk.

TRANSEXUALITY

The sexual body has now been assigned a kind of artificial fate. This fate is 'transsexual' not in any anatomical sense, but rather in the more general sense of transvestitism, of playing with the commutability of the signs of sex - and of playing, in contrast to the former manner of playing on sexual difference, on sexual indifference: on lack of differentiation between the sexual poles, and on indifference to sex *qua* pleasure. Sexuality is underpinned by pleasure, by *jouissance* (the leitmotiv of sexual liberation); transsexuality is underpinned by artifice - be it the artifice of actually changing sex or the artifice of the transvestite who plays with the sartorial, morphological or gestural signs of sex. But whether the operation in question is surgical or semio-urgical, whether it involves organs or signs, we are in any case concerned with replacement parts, and since today the body is fated to become a prosthesis, it is logical enough that our model of sexuality should have become transsexual-ity, and that transsexuality should have everywhere become the locus of seduction.

3/7

ONE OF MY TRIPS

on the plane, a lady talked to me about mormonism for an hour. she got off in salt lake city and then an old man who reminded me too much of my grandpa sat next to me all the way until portland. he kept trying to talk to me. i went to sleep, and woke up to him chatting up the lady on the end of our row. she had her laptop out and was probably trying to work, but she was too polite to ask him to stop being friendly. after salt lake, there was another stop in denver. i tried my hardest to look stand-offish so his connotation wouldn't make me cry, but that lady sitting next to him left at denver, and i was the only person in the row left. he kept leaning over and looking at my open sketchbook and i kept inching it further closed. most of my drawings in there suck. i broke down and figured if i told him i was feeling sick, then he would get the hint and not be offended at the same time. he asked the flight attendant for extra blankets for me, instead, i gave him my peanuts and laughed at his jokes in retaliation. we talked about the weather and college and he was convinced that i am german. he shook my hand, gave me his card and told me to look him up if i ever thought about visiting colleges in utah because he has children there who could show me around. he even smelled like my grandpa.

grandpa.

20

Sheepshot B
1001

when i was little i'd have these daydreams where my mom would take me to a special doctor and he'd open up my head and suck the dirt from the corners and folds of my brain with this little vacuum. i really imagined that everything wrong with me was just dirt, and it could all be fixed with a little hoover.

i also imagined that the same faceless, man doctor would walk me over to a giant pool (it looked like the public swimming pool in our neighborhood.) and tell me to get into it. i would, and i would just sit there, with my mom and him smiling and watching from the deck. the doctor explained what the water was going to do, i could feel it happening. the water would soak into my skin and make my fat cells deteriorate. soon, my hands and feet wrinkled from being in the pool for so long, i'd emerge from the water clean and thin. everything was magical, like the glit tery day dreams that little girls are supposed to have, about princesses and dragons.

The functional breakdown

muffie and tyler were waiting for me--
muffie crouched down and peered over the side of the dividing wall at me, and didn't stand up until i was right in front of her. we got lost in the airport catacombs. i teased m. about her cleptomania and later recoiled my words. we went straight to a show because we could catch the last band playing and i recognised two people there--people i didn't know if i should say hello to or not. as i walked past them, the seconds slowed down. m. kept wanting to hold my hand at the show but we aren't together anymore, so all of this fucked with me.
i met maria and miel at the show, who gave me the warmest smiles and words, from the instant they looked at me.
i still felt like i was on the airplane.

3/8

m. and i woke up at the same time, alert. i think i'll be repeating my decisions about us to her a lot. she understands but everything gets hard sometimes.

we met maria and miel downtown and went to a women's day festival thing--very strange indeed. it felt like a convention for business aimed at women, masked. they had an avon booth right next to a cuban politics booth. not a lot of people looked or paid attention to the clothesline project (which wasn't properly displayed--they were just hung over the hand rails by the stairs, which nobody used because there were escalators) the cathedral beauty of

the shirts was not acknowledged. i spent too much time looking for ericka's shirt. i did this in vain, as if finding it would make me feel better about the whole thing.

we ate good vegan food at thang tao and i buy miel coconut nectar in exchange for a haircut (the best haircut i think i've gotten in at least two years. i'm one of those people that never has the "right" haircut).

we stole small handfulls of carob coated peanuts from the grocery store and it rained as we shivered down towards the bus stop.

muffie and i talked and linked arms on our way back to reed. i realised that i did have some preconcieved notions about her last year, it doesn't matter if they were positive or not. i guess i've always known this.

3/9

i meet laura and amy and i'm not being that shy-makes me proud m. had good friends, good people. i go to m.'s conference chess and i see that reed isn't as scary or overbearing as i thought it would be. i email mom twice, being in portland makes me miss her more than i already do for some reason.

i made muffie admit that we'd probably kill each other if we ever went out again. she made me admit that i've always just needed

another soul friend. i felt like saying it in a way denounced her. i hate talking sometimes. she fell asleep and i stayed up reading zines from three

Some things that

- LUNG
- Dorsal aort
- Celiac mesenteric arte
- Germ water
- GONAD
- KIDNEY
- Renal arter
- Epigastric artery
- Stomachic artery
- Thoracic artery
- Cloacal artery
- Caudal artery

my dad feeling incompetent breaking up before i got to see them live

money

television

had telephone conversations not realising that i'm in love with someone until

they get involved with somebody else

having a big crush on someone and therefore avoiding them for weeks on end

being shy and being shy

artery
nodal
VENUM
arteries
CREAS
ESTIM
arteries
arteries
ADDER
+5
OACA

i'm not a student and i'd feel really fucking weird going. myself. m didn't want to go. i can't believe i passed up dorothy alison.

my allergy attack still isn't over.

muel and i talked on the phone for a long time about zines and the networks attached to them. zines have a big sense of six degrees of separation. you have to find out about stuff through other people. it's what you know and what your friends know....we also talked about eating disorders as self mutilation, forcing yourself into denial about hopeless crushes...she brought up how when she reads a really good zine, she gets discouraged to the point where she can't think about trying to make one as good as that. i said no, that it's lost the opposite for me, that i get extremely inspired by the really good ones....but later when we're talking i realised that i get discouraged too, to a degree. reading awesome zines can help me feel connected, it gets me up in the morning sometimes...but why haven't i done a zine in half a year? i've had plenty of things to say, but i guess i've been feeling like none of it is valid when compared to better zines. lately i went over to muel and maria's house and sat on the bus and lost an hour and my sense of direction and felt like a third wheel, but after a while we ran like a tricycle, all of us together, even though i'm still not good at small talks we went to the park, to swing, there is a carousel thing

when i get to my new temporary home i unpack everything to where it should be, and i spend a few days getting reacquainted with all of my shit in our new surroundings. the rest of my time in that new place by me getting acquainted with it. and when i am, i have to leave again. my parents' home doesn't really feel mine anymore, and nothing in those bags does, either. moving is losing yourself in a different city and coming out partially whole again.

when i get my bags back, i'm reassured that the stationary, solid parts of me followed me here, that i didn't lose the place i left behind for a while. that i take what at first look seems the most important, and months later i regret some of my decisions. when i get to the airport and check in my bags, i say silent goodbyes to the stuff inside in case it gets lost forever in the plane. during the flight i sleep or stare at the clouds until they become the ground again.

i have this habit of packing the night before i leave-- i'll start at ten and end at around four, sleeping the two or so hours left before i have to leave for the airport.

THEIR HOUSE. WHEN I TRY TO remember the way it smells, comes back to me in the scents of beer, frozen dinner and smoke. like the time dad was trying to show wolve and me how to use the serated knives properly, and i wasn't really looking or even watching, but a second later i could smell blood when he sliced his hand. i'm sure this house has tons and tons of smells, but i can only remember parts of some of them, the big ones attached to the big memories like that knife thing. beer=my dad is an alcoholic. i remember his breath. frozen dinners= my mom stopped cooking mostly when she went back to work, and i lived in return mostly off of frozen fettucini, frozen chicken, frozen macaroni and cheese. smoke=my mom's a smoker. she started when she was my age now, because all of her friends smoked pot and she was allergic to pot but she didn't want to be completely left out. she smokes only in the kitchen and the bathroom, but it's the bathroom that can never get rid of the staleness because it's such a small room, yellowed in fact. i also remember the odor of dust, cars, sand, dogs. thing i can't forget if i catch myself being reminded of them.

47

there--this spinning metal platform with handlebars and room for like eight people--we sat on it and talked, laughed, watched the clouds. i kept trying to say these things i was thinking all night, but they came out wrong. heavily contemplated moving here for the summer.

we ate french fries at dad's and i thought about all the people that couldn't give a shit about me.

i slept on their couch.

3/12

i had my usual colourful daydreams all day, this time about portland and other things. miel rode the bus with me as far as her work.

after i showered, i took the bus again, the 19, downtown. at my stop i looked over and saw david sitting on a wall with his knees pulled up to his chest, waiting for me. he was wearing a suit, made me laugh. he's been going to psu and he still doesn't know anyone except the people he pointed out to me that are in his math class.

his room is decorated like a record store. we went to reading frenzy, and i bought zines and some of the coolest postcards i have ever seen for \$2 each. (handmade by this girl named rachel) worth it--i've been collecting arbitrary postcards for years but these don't get to live in that pile. the minute i get back to one of my homes i'm going to hang them up and admitte them until i have to move again.

29

we go to a record store up the street and i score on some used cds. the nice guy helping us gave us free seven inches.

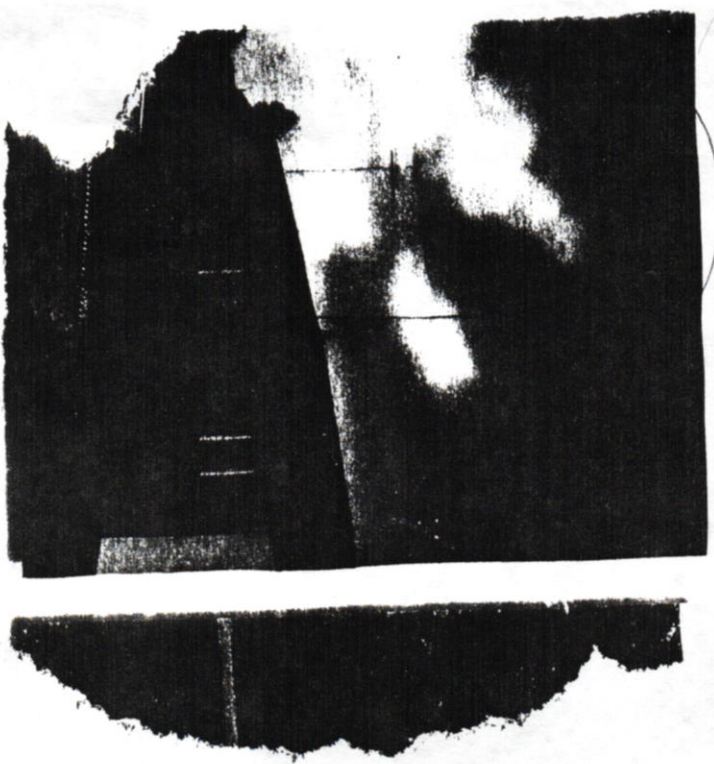
we went to powell's and the people were mean but i also score on used stuff i found this amazing "children's" book about the secret of flying. i'm going to make everyone that comes into contact with me look at this thing. ("flying" -kvetta iacovska) david and i ate at this burrito place right next to the zine store. the guy who helped us had a tattoo that looked like chicken wire across his forearm. they played loud straightedge hardcore and gave us mean looks. d. left his backpack accidentally and the guy (jokingly?) said that "we were just about to go through it." we wondered about portland either the people are really nice or really mean.

writing for my bus, this detached drunk lady came and talked to us about her family life. it leaves me wondering about whether or not/how many limits the city/state has when it comes to taking very young children away from their manic mothers.

david left me on the bus and i'm still wishing for people there to realise how nice he is.

i fucked up on the bus again. muffle and i got into a gigantic fight and things seem to tumble out backwards but somehow we figured it out. i had a panic attack. we talked a lot. she and i have the weirdest 26

Sometimes everything is a lie.



VENTURA, CALIFORNIA

Unrushed, contemplative, friendly: these are adjectives frequently used to describe this city along the Central Coast.

face" for three hours. they make me think of my
mom, how i can be myself around her..m's
parents are nice & i'd go inside & around them
for any longer.

i'm on the plane now. when i flew to
portland, my flight was full. now i have a whole
row to myself, and nobody on this plane even
remotely reminds me of family members. the
lights on the ground look like i can



recycled after years...as it pulls
branches off of trail hybernating
trees, not already woken up from
winter.

4) it's pretty windy today- i looked out the window at the tree outside- and there was this bird perched on one of the farthest branches sticking out. she was plump and the branch wobbled as she preened. i think she picked that spot so she could sway in the wind. i watched her a little while, and this gush of wind came by, and she sat through it, bouncing up and down. she's still out there right now as i write this, chirping and dancing. makes me laugh.

5) i've been sitting in my room working on projects when something knocks on my window, pulling the bottom pane open and pushing itself in. strong cloudy dust pulls the posters off of my roommate's wall. when i was little, i'd talk to the wind as it shook the avocado orchard across the street from my house. when the oval leaves trembled, the wind was responding to my questions. it liked to pick up my hair and ends of clothes and sweep them in little circles around me, like the wind here. and now i'm thinking that maybe this is the same wind,



Sometimes we click and i'm so thankful that the faceless administration put us in the same room. dorms can't be handled unless you have someone to be slightly on crazy with.

on the nights that we talk she shows me pictures and we compare letters that we'll never throw away. i listen to her talk about the mental hospitals, her first love, her rape. she talks a lot to me, as if people never really listened to her before.

while i listen to her words, they almost always become background sounds to me because they are so automatic. like girl voice gunfire. sometimes i respond to her, and sometimes i read to her things from my library books or from things i write. she listens but talks and moves around like



she always does. we are each others' soundtrack.

she takes note of the gadgets that pop up on my side of the room, long enough to glance at them or pick them up.

she saw the mason jars that i found at a church rummage sale up the street today. for an instant.

i wanted to tell her that i bought them because they are wide-lipped and thick, almost just like my grama's tubby mason jars that she drinks oarange juice and vodka from in the afternoons. grama would put more or less vodka, depending on her mood or her company. one of the jars i bought is short with a handle and a lid, and the other is almost as tall as the hairspray can that it stands next to.

grama's jars had handles

1) i always sit and stare out of the window and julie has only caught me a few times. it's her window because its on her side of the room so i have to sit on her bed. but its mine too. i have this fierce gathering feeling when it comes to things that i love- i want them so close to me and only me.

2) there's a street outside, and it's rainy today and when cars drive past they make squishy turning noises.

3) when it rains it changes the air, and i can feel it in my skin. i've always liked rain but now i hold on to it more because it's the only large mass of water around. in ventura, if you're on a hill or just walking around downtown, you look over and there's a blue line between ground and sky. the ocean makes the atmosphere so different. the day that i moved here, my skin seemed to want to cry.



I like to have all the rooms full and I just hope that

and were taller than tall:
I loved them so much that she
gave me one. I bought the
rummage sale jars because
together they make up one of
grama's.

this month grama is moving out of the house that she and grampa lived in. I think this is best-she doesn't have to be reminded of what's gone from that house every day anymore. maybe she'll start eating more.

maybe she stop taking so much vodka in those jars, maybe she already has started to, her body is frail because she is older than the stories she tells me about her pet chicken or the depression or her abusive mother. grama's heart is tough and as thick as the glass masons.

I didn't tell my roommate any of this. I wanted to, to tell someone who would really hear.

→ after philosophy class today, I showed late and naked ms. catto about my dreams. in the first one, I was part of a class that steve whitaker taught. we were walking up the beach (there were rocks in the sand of all sizes the water was thick and active, and I really noticed the whitecaps.) we stopped by a jetty (small pier made of boulder-rocks) and were making structures out of sticks and rocks and whatever else that had washed up. I was kneeling on one of the giant rocks, over the lip of the water. the rest of the class was sitting on the rocks too, or they were on the beach next to the jetty. steve was standing in the middle. our structures kept falling into the ocean. steve kept saying, "no, that's okay, we've had the experience, just let it go." I remember feeling real perplexed, but I let them fall anyway, the rest of the class let them go without showing any emotion other than being really happy to be on the beach.

→ ms. catto said that steve represents my masculine side (the animus) --he was trying to push me deeper into unconsciousness (the ocean is a big symbol for the unconscious). steve whitaker is the head of the foundations program at KCAI--he is a man with an agenda, he says things that sound good: speaks lingo for sake of speaking lingo.ms. catto said that part of me really wants to be like this--and that this dream is a warning of that struggle. I'm a day dreaming sensitive emotive person and I always feel like I'm caught in that place between sleep and awake (where I have good ideas that aren't tangible because I'm still unmoving--asleep in part). and while it's good to be able to access that place, it's not good to get stuck there, because my whole life might turn out to be a daydream, an unfinished thought; some really good idea but no action. catto said that I need to get focused more, that I need to get to that place where I can make ideas tangible.(she didn't pull this theory out of her butt, either. she has been teaching me all year and she knows my writing and personality pretty well.) she said that I need to get in touch with my feminine side more--that this is a common problem for a lot of thoughtful women, that we get pushed too far into the unconscious by powers we've ingested from society. in my other dream, I kept pulling people out of drawer s. I'd pull them kias them or talk to them, and then put them back, they all looked so sleepy. ms. catto thought that these people could be the parts of me

many people working. in ventura there were two libraries but the city cut the funds so much that they are only open on alternate days of the week, and that they each have the same staff. the only new books they ever seem to get are donated. (the funds went to extremely useful appendages like new stoplights where the old didn't need to be replaced, and to fixing holes in the steel from rain with a tar-like substance that always washes away during the next storm)

if I go to downtown kansas city, I see entire office buildings and restaurants abandoned by the handful, even a mall, save its food court. the hotels are always busy because they have conventions all the time, and sports tournaments. there aren't that many cars, and the only car I know of in this vicinity is a vacant lot filled with rotting dusty memorables of 1980's cadillacs and buicks. in ventura, there are more lots full of used and new cars than I can keep track of, and my dad's business is car dealing.

there are no sea gulls here, but squirrels who I play staring games with as I walk past. they aren't as fond for food as the birds are, they don't circle over and around me, there's an albino squirrel here that chases people if they try to molest him with sticks and rocks.

the houses here are for the most part boxy and two-storied. buildings made out of bright red brick are common. the tract-houses that border the city by the airport and past downtown aren't made of plaster dyed strange pastel colours, and their yards are bigger than four feet between houses.

there are seasons here, southern california seems as if it is on prozac compared to this freezing and thawing of the grounds. here it is sunshining, whipping, raining, hailing and then snowing, all in one day. they have a humidity in summer here that makes my bones sleep, my cheeks and eyelids droop as I walk to studio, the only thing mad enough to sing being the cicadas.

but here, the humming is not electric, but insect. after a couple of days, i found that the buzz-humming came from everywhere, especially the ground and in the trees. towards the middle of fall the hum lulled away, and it was then that somebody finally told me what kind of insect it was-cicadas. blue in new york wrote me and mentioned cicadas too, so i surmised that these things must live everywhere but where i'm from.

also, they burn so much light here. electricity is spent as casually as pennies are tossed worthlessly away, onto the ground or in the trash. i can't see full stars at night except for tiny slits in the sky. nothing is clear in the darkness because they use so much light. they also don't use recycling or y and waste bins along with their trash cans. everything goes into one trash can. they don't have communal recycle bins at grocery stores, or anywhere.

kansas city doesn't conserve water, either. jen from seattle was perplexed too, but she takes baths were the water runs over the side of the tub into the shower drain ("i deserve a little extra water every now and then."). i sometimes take baths instead of showers, but when i do i can't let myself let the water run over. a couple of blocks away from our school is a man made river, except people here call it a creek. but it is bigger than any river i've seen in southern california, and i live near the oxnard river. the oxnard riverbed is wider than a four lane highway, except it's always empty save for when we have rain even then only some muddy water trickles down in the center of the bed, like a faucet dripping, like almost all of the faucets here. everything seems to drip. faucet water tastes good here-at home it feels like metal, softly griding against the coatings of my teeth-no wonder they don't have vending machines outside stores that sell bottles and gallons of water.

there are so many fountains and statues here, and several parks border the area i live in. there are ten libraries in kansas city alone, two that are within my walking distance. and they actually have new books, multiple copies of some books,

that i access only on a sionally-that i need to access more. like the ocean dream. i told her about my drawer full of letters, how i keep parts of people (letters personified) all the time (i don't throw them away-i keep them in my drawer-). so maybe i need these letters (everything that i love is far away) from other people in order to access certain parts of myself. that's true when i write letters, i feel reinforced in a way that the person who gets it will pay attention to me. it makes me feel more open, more connected. some of my letters become tangible ideas-in the sense that in them, i have connected more so with my consciousness, and by writing it down and sharing it with someone, that makes it only More Real. being able to share helps me to discuss.

→ this sharing brings the connection out of me, the connection that was once only between my brain and my writing. it makes it more tangible, and at the same time vulnerable (vulnerability is a weakness, and sometimes our best strengths come out of our biggest weaknesses.) → i think i just figured out why i do a zine. maybe by writing that letter or thought and copying it tons of times and distributing it (in a zine) i am ~~re~~informing and ~~re~~connecting with myself. it all comes full circle back to me. fuck steve whitaker. i know what i have to do.



when i first moved here and unpacked everything i'd brought with me out into my corner, i noticed a humming. it sounded like there were broken electric wires dangling dangerously outside of the building. i'd heard that sound before, when two teenage boys ran their car into a telephone pole down the block from my house and the pole fell into the orange orchard across the street, breaking some of the plastic coated wires that laced between it and other poles. the wires lashed around in the street like angry cats' tails or snakes, with threatening sparks at their ends. i watched firemen run away from them frantic, even the paramedics were cautious as they untwined the boys from their car. the wires went in any direction, splashing gigantic lines of sparks across stone walls and roofs and other cars.